

Why Many Are Inefficient, Restless, Unhappy, Fearful

ONE unfortunate by-product of these times is the notion that is rather widespread that some theory, system or reform is going to help us.

The fact is that the only way human beings are helped in the long run is by helping themselves.

Democracy is a great thing, worthy of all Mazzini prophesied of it, and of all the learned historian James Bryce writes about it; also of all that Fourth of July orators proclaim for it; but people can come to grief, oppression can flourish and business can go to the bow-wows, even under democracy when misled.

Socialism may be theoretically all that its advocates declare; it may be on paper an ideal system under which states can function and labor be efficient.

But it has been tried many times in many places as far back as Sparta in Greece two thousand years ago—although the word "Socialist" was not invented until eighty years ago—and recently in Milwaukee and Schenectady, N. Y.

It has always ended in a smash-up quite as fatal as monarchy or autocracy, both of which fail whenever the men at the top fail.

Democracy, on the contrary, is everywhere spreading and growing, overthrowing kings and autocrats, as in Russia and Central Europe, or so nullifying the power of kings, as in England, that a monarch is only a figurehead.

Democracy survives in spite of its frequent failures, for the reason that the cure of the ills of democracy is always more democracy, whereas the remedy for the failures of socialism, monarchy or autocracy is never found in more socialism or more autocracy.

Labor unions have done much to improve working conditions. There can be no doubt that the masses are better off, organized to gain and defend their rights, than they were in the days when all organization was confined to the upper class that herded them.

But like all things human, labor unions are subject to diseases, and one of the most serious of these is the protection of the slacker.

The union should not only see to it that the humblest worker has his rights, but also it should remember that one of the first rights of an honest worker is to be protected from the harm which the shiftless and unfit worker by his side may do him and the business from which all derive their pay.

The war has caused a world-wide distemper. It brought sudden riches to many, but enormous losses in the past year to many more. Cases of extreme poverty, lack of the actual necessities of life, are now fewer than ever before, at least in our fortunate country. But the number of people having comfortable incomes a few years ago who now find it impossible to get good service or to pay their bills has greatly increased.

Nobody is now happy or carefree. Everybody is nervous, exasperated, irritated, more or less unreasonable, dominated by some vague but ever-present fear. Probably there is less happiness or contentment in the world in 1921 than at any time since the Napoleonic wars, more than a century ago.

The only panacea for the world's ills is work, production and patience. We should all try to be tolerant of others, to cultivate steadiness and self-control and try to do our work well.

There is little question that we are now living through an epoch of inefficiency. Bad work is everywhere.

Shoes are not as serviceable as they used to be. Furniture costs more and is worth less. The plumber, the upholsterer, the saddler, the car-

penter and the tinsmith who turn out workmanlike jobs are the exception.

Books are cheaply printed and bound. Linen is inferior, silks are sleazier. Lead pencils break more easily. And ink is poorer.

The old-fashioned craftsman, who took pride in his handiwork, seems to have disappeared.

The huge giant Organization has swallowed up one of the chiefest of human joys, Pride in Good Work.

The shoemaker who once turned out a pair of shoes, creating them as lovingly as ever father begat sons, is gone; he has been swept away by the huge factory that turns out a hundred thousand pairs of shoes a day.

The men who built the Cathedral at Amiens and carved the whole Bible story all over the arms of the choir stalls and filled the facade with swarming images are no relations of the pioneers who built the United States or the workers who put up the office buildings on Manhattan Island or mills and factories that made America supreme industrially.

The world needs a number of things. It needs justice. It needs reform. It needs intelligence. It needs morality.

But not the least thing it needs, and one thing from the lack and decline of which it suffers, is Craftsmanship.

Which means Joy in Work.

Eight Helpful Habits

HABIT is momentum.

Your automobile can run a mile on the level on the same amount of gasoline it takes to make a hard start.

An express train is less expensive to operate than a local because stopping and starting take so much time and fuel.

The hard work of this world is starting things. Once started, it is easy to keep them going.

The person who has formed no helpful habits is wasting energy because he is continually beginning.

Every habit is a tremendous labor saving device.

Here is a list of helpful habits Greenville Kleiser suggests. We have altered them a bit.

1. **The habit of Punctuality.** Make it a point to be at every engagement a little before the time. Set your watch five minutes fast. The only way to get there soon enough is to start soon enough. Don't dawdle. Allow for unavoidable delays of transportation.

2. **The habit of Honesty.** Just get into the way of telling the truth, no more, no less.

3. **The habit of Loyalty.** Reject any temptations to speak disparagingly of anything or anybody to whom you owe allegiance; reject it as an unclean thing.

4. **The habit of Sincerity.** This means a definite attitude of shunning pretense, affectation, posing, and making an impression, as opposed to self-expression.

5. **The habit of Courtesy.** To be courteous once does no good. Unless you are courteous all the time, you'd as well not try at all.

6. **The habit of Cheerfulness.** For pessimism is a pose, and gloom is usually simply a bad habit.

7. **The habit of Thrift.** For habit is about all there is to thrift. Put a certain part of all you get into the bank and live on the rest. Put the first part in the bank, not the last.

8. **The habit of Prayer.** For prayer is not going to mean much to life unless it is like daily bread. Praying occasionally is about like eating once a week.

Pin this in your hat until it is absorbed into your head.

THE REMEDY THAT NEVER FAILS

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HUMANISMS

BY WILLIAM A. HERTON DU PUY

A friend of Will Hays, Postmaster General, came to him much disturbed, and protested with him, saying that he was now a mighty Government official and that he should give over his informal ways. He said that, as a matter of fact, his correct name was not "Will" Hays, but "William H. Hays," and that it would be more dignified to so sign it.

This unassuming gentleman accepted the suggestion with an open mind, as is his way, and liberated it. He reached for a pad and a lead pencil and wrote out the name in full as suggested, "William H. Hays," studied it critically. Then he slowly tore the slip of paper into fragments, let them slip from his fingers into the waste basket, looked over at his friend with that crinkly smile of his, and shook his head.

Henry Prather Fletcher, who is first assistant to Mr. Hughes at the State Department, and who has held diplomatic posts all over the world, began his eventual life among the innumerable railroad tracks that a peculiar geographic location has caused to pass through the town of Greencastle, Pa., just four miles above the Mason and Dixon line.

The elder Fletcher, who was county treasurer and superintendent of Sunday school, to the latter of which positions he seems to have been chosen for life as he still holds it, seems to have been inspired to send sons and daughters forth on all these railroads, for he was the head of a family so numerous that the neighbors have forgotten how many there were.

But this son, Henry, who has become a great diplomat, now owns a handsome home in Greencastle, which is surrounded by a large English garden, and is known as Rosemont. He can drive to it in three hours from the State Department in Washington.

Maj. Gen. William L. Sibert, having built the Gatun locks and dam at Panama, having organized and presided over the chemical warfare service during the war, and having reached the age of retirement much loved by his associates, last spring went down to his ample acres near Bowling Green, Ky., there to live out his life as a country gentleman.

But the habit of projecting around was still with him and he started a drilling outfit to work to find out if there was not oil beneath his blue grass. He found it in pleasingly paying quantities the first try. Since he was the sire of eight children he started seven more wells and now word comes that each of them has brought in oil.

So from her boundless resources has a nation seen fit to reward one who gave his whole life to her service.

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Stars and Stripes

All the modern miracles are performed by Saint Industry.

In our hours of patience, character makes its quickest growth.

They condemn most whose trials in life have been the least.

He who spends the present to mourn the past buys himself a poor future.

A small hazard, seen through the magnifying glass of fear, looks like a mountain of danger.

Greed is a foster-mother who nourishes herself to feed all her little vices.

In carving a career sharp wits are more serviceable than a sharp tongue.

He who loses no opportunity to do good will find no opportunity to do evil.

The man who crawls before those above him usually tramples on those below him.

Many a man thinks he is painting his enemy in true colors, when he is merely throwing mud at him.

A debtor pays with sleepless nights, but gets no credit for it.

Mr. B. Baer

CURB COOTIES.

Spring brings out leaves, college neckties, high heels, low foreheads, Einstein theories, rubber heels and other lumps in hash of existence. Twilight on town's main stem is about same in every burg in country.

After supper is wiped off chin, pop nominates himself for porch campaign in porous hammock. Mom goes to movies. Sister hangs on porch waiting for pop to sneeze himself out of hammock. Town Beau Bummels dash out of Pressing and Ironing Clubs with creases in their trousers sharp enough to saw lumber. Take up strategic location on corner curb and give optical encouragement to all ladies who canter by.

Every town about same. Curb cooties dangle on street corners until cyp steps forth and plays impromptu cantata on their skulls with ten cents' worth of official hickory. Curb cooties and roaches both like nighttime. Easy to step on 'em in daylight.

Can't stand hot sun. But likes to prowl loose at night and use up lot of air that good man might be breathing. Eyes unescorted girl. Shoots over his Number One, quick, snappy smile. Runs his hand through his hair and stirs up languorous perfume from third chair in Railroad Avenue barber shop.

Coy business generally wins him slap on his face, but doesn't annoy him much. Pulls in his ears and tries same thing on next pedestrian. After eleven slaps he figures his quota is heavily over-subscribed. Pulls in his lapels and goes home.

New York about same. Except curbstone hockey generally owns limousine. Dangles around Broadway. Has bankroll that would choke hoss. But if he owned hoss the poor nag would starve to death.

Don't want Beau Bummels around. New York is Burglar's Paradise. Pick-pocket's Haven. Yegg's Picnic Plaza. Gaffer's Playgrounds. Stand fer them.

But don't want curb coots around. Give town bad name.

YET TOWNE GOSSIP

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

By K. C. B.

YESTERDAY, I CAME back. TO THE old town. IN WHICH I lived. WHEN I first began. TO WRITE this stuff. AND FRIENDS of mine. CONCEIVED A plan. TO WELCOME me. AND SO they did. AND HAD A band. AND A little parade. AND A boyhood friend. WHO NOW is Mayor. MADE A welcome speech. AND I replied. AND WAS quite excited. AND SO was my wife. AND THE morning. WHERE I had worked. CUT OUT A gossip. THE WHICH I wrote. EIGHT YEARS ago. AND PRINTED it. AND IN the gossip. WERE MANY names. OF FRIENDS of mine. WHO LIVED here then. AND IN the list. I THANK you.

A Desert Ice Pack.

With the thermometer registering at noon 130 degrees Fahrenheit, a party of professional men made ice near an oasis in the Sahara Desert and saved the life of a comrade who suffered from malignant fever. At 7 o'clock in the evening the men shoveled down through the hot sand to a cooler stratum and formed a pit about eighteen inches deep. On the level bottom of the depression they placed a blanket that measured about five by eight feet. Then, drawing on the supply of camel fodder, they covered the blanket with chopped straw. From the oasis they drew water and covered the blanket to a depth of half an inch. As the night advanced the temperature fell, and at midnight frost crystals, formed on the floating straw. At 3 o'clock the straw was embedded in a sheet of ice.

Gambling in India.

Although the natives of India do not operate on the stock market, they have adopted a unique form of gambling for which the cotton market reports are responsible. Every day five quotations are cabled announcing the cotton situation. The natives look upon them as a direct invitation to them to establish a simple but none the less absorbing form of gambling. The gambling is said to consist simply of guessing what the five figures will amount to, and the man getting nearest to the right amount takes the stakes.

Humanizing the "Eye for an Eye" Teaching

By BILL PRICE.

Nevada is humanizing the Biblical injunction—"an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth"—still scrupulously followed in many of the nations of the world. A civilization which has made some advances in 2,000 to 5,000 years clings to an idea almost as old as man—that the shedding of human blood shall be penalized in the same manner by the state.

Nevada makes the first shift to painless deaths for murderers. They are to be placed in an air-tight room and a deadly gas will remove them without the horrifying struggles that accompany death on the gallows or in the electric chair. This represents at least some advance in the humanization of tortures inflicted in the name of the law.

In the District of Columbia—the Capital of the world's greatest and most enlightened nation—the life of a murderer is taken by the rope—his neck broken or his agonies prolonged through strangulation. The local law requires that witnesses shall be present to observe the enlightening spectacle. A majestic, beneficent law, undoubtedly intended as a deterrent, does the same thing in taking the murderer's life that the murderer did in premeditation, rage or, more likely, mental incompetency.

Several bills have made headway in Congress providing death by electricity here as a substitute for hanging. There is little to choose between them. The Nevada plan, if capital punishment is not to be abolished in Washington, appears more humane than any other.

HEARD AND SEEN

THE ARTIST'S SOLILOQUY.

The artistly faces that I find inside my studio are sweet. But not by half so charming as the limbs I face upon the street.

F. J. SCHWAB.

ALL SORTS OF SHAPES.

A "flat" rate. An "even" disposition. A "round" robin. A "circle" of friends. A "square" deal. A "straight" tip. A "parallel" case. A "crooked" nature. A "pointed" remark.

H. J. KLEIN.

LAMPED IN THE ZODIAC.

(By Joe Conklin.)

It is observed that Capricornus, the "goat," trying to juggle Libra, the "balance," this configuration, in Winnecke's comet, forecasts a violent recrudescence of exploded superstitions. When a comet appears the credulous are ready for any story. At the end of the eighteenth century unscrupulous speculators in Paris were able to sell seats in Paradise at exorbitant prices to panic-stricken Parisians, who believed the world was about to "go bust." During this way it is well to pay more heed to your own gumption than to scare-heads and wild rumors.

The latest pathetic ballad is entitled "Mother has gone to the Woodshed to Get 'Chops for Father's Supper."

FOR THE MATH NUTS.

Find a number such that a figure 9 may be inserted in it thus giving a new number which is equal to the original number divided by ten.

W. J. S.

Down the street the girls were walking: One was a nut. The other a nut. And together they made a cocoanut.

G. T. E.

ONE SURE BET.

When a man goes 'round looking for trouble he ain't gotter wait till he sits home to look in their dickenshiner fer it.

JULES BACKENHEIMER.

I am a new nut and wish to be screwed on to the bolt of Heard and Seen.

F. G. H.

GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

Gone are the days when the dollar had to walk, and there his income tax that must be paid, he sure; oh how they do impose upon us, no more! There are some of us who'll never have enough to quit work when we please, while others have it all and live in peaceful ease. So shake the dice and roll them when you choose, for there will be a lot of few who win and an awful lot who lose.

THERMO.

THE BREWER'S BIG HORSES CAN'T run over anybody any more now, but the bootlegger's shiny new limousine can, and does. BUD.

F. G. H.

CHEERFULNESS.

The cheerful rays of sunshine make a cheerful day. Twined with jeweled links of love in a charming way. True is with life's affairs, in most anything. The cheerful views and visions make a happy day.

FOXY gleams of Nature inspire each and all. With joy and peaceful echoes, though the changeless years, as they rise and fall. Lend a helpful spirit to earthly tasks and fears.

Dream of a bright tomorrow! Dreams are food for thought.

That appease the hunger of hollow discontent. The world is full of gladness waiting to be sought.

And cheerful thoughts, like springtime, lead to merriment.

GEORGE SANDS JOHNSON.

THE COME BACK.

The smart chap in a silver with his girl passed some Italians digging a ditch. "Hey, where's your monkey?" he called.

"We let him have a day off so he could go joy riding with his girl in a second-hand car," was the quick answer.

LITTLE BITS.

SHORT STORIES.

Little boy: Pair of skates; Hole in the ice; Golden gates.

Heavy rains: No chains; Auto slides; Heaven's gates open wide.

BLUE BLACK.

THOSE PROFOUND THEORIES.

H. AND S. STARTLES WORLD.

That "Consanguinity of Elasticity" theory of "DR. H. BREW MOONSHINE'S" plumbs the depth of profundity, but in spite of being so deep, it's probably over Prof. EINSTEIN'S upper story. It is to be hoped the learned Doctor will continue to honor our column with his transcendental theories.

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